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RELIGIOUS ART.

FOLLOWING upon what we have said of the moral position of Art, it is necessary that we should say something of its application to, and relation with, Religion in the accepted sense of the word, perhaps more justly, Theology. The teachers of Christianity at this day insist on an essential distinction between religion and morality, which we do not believe to be tenable in point of principle, save with reference to mere external moralism, since the most perfectly religious man is he who maintains the purest morality from the highest motive. Without discussing this question, so much is necessary to show that a narrow acceptance of Christianity in rejecting, as useless in accomplishing its purposes, every influence or feeling which, judged by its doctrines, does not rise above mere morality, has repudiated even the sisterly relation of Art, and has discharged the consciences of the Christian world from any obligation towards it. The error is fatal to Art, and productive of deep wrong to Theology—and if, as we believe, the object and sole use of the latter is to perfect humanity, it has in the former an adjunct of no mean power, since everything that elevates and purifies makes the work of Religion more complete and easy. A just and comprehensive view of man and his destinies, would show us that there is no faculty towards which we do not owe a conscientious attitude, towards which we have not a duty in no wise to be tampered with or betrayed.

For want, however, of a clear general understanding of these matters, we shall assume the distinction not heretofore drawn between the religious and the theological; and, as we have before asserted, that Art was in no wise the servant of Theology, it necessarily takes its place as a religious influence, tending to the same end, and in a path parallel with Theology. It thence follows that the true distinction in the productions of Art is not that of theological and secular, but of religious and profane, moral and immoral, of that which elevates, and that which does not elevate. Neither is there a middle ground between these two any more than in the religious life there is a neutral position. "He that gathereth not with me scattereth," and the Divinity in us abhors the lukewarm Art, and rejects it. If, then, the artist should engage himself to represent dogmas, religious facts, ideas, &c., he is to be judged not by the truth or worth of those things, but by the quality of his artistic morality.

If he has been inspired by a feeling toward Nature and his Art, earnest, refined, and reverential, his work is moral, no matter what may be the subject, while, if he paint the assembly of the saints, without reverence and without elevation, it is irreligious, because degraded and degrading.

The artists of the middle ages, whom we term, by excellence, religious, were so, not because they painted the subjects they did, but because in all that they did they were conscientious and reverential. Raphael's Madonnas are not divine because they are Madonnas, but because the essentially religious nature of Raphael enabled him to realize a high degree of spiritual beauty and dignity in them. A Madonna by a modern French artist, would be no more religious than his representation of a revel of Louis XIV.; he would throw the same quality of feeling, the same degree of artistic devotion and truth into both. And so the world is flooded with Holy families, in which there is no trace of holiness; of Magdalens, to whom repentance never came, and saints who are only ruffians in disguise. It is the perception and adoption into ourselves of the highest truth which makes the religious man or artist, a matter which concerns the heart equally with the intellect, while this acceptance of dogmas is but a cold, intellectual action, having no vital influence on the life or the picture.

The old time artists were religious men, and their religion became part of all that they did, and if we could look into their private lives, we should doubtless find the same conscientiousness in their minutest transactions which is preserved in their Art. They felt the true Theology to be the most worthy object of devotion of their lives, and therefore they used Art in its service, to its degradation and the injury of Theology, we believe, but it was owing only to mistaken views, to a partial reception of the Truth. The errors of their intellects had no root in their hearts, and while we leave the widest margin for those errors and for our own, we have no allowance to make for want of those qualities which make Religion vital and Art immortal—purity of heart, humility and conscientiousness.

It is indeed a matter important not alone to Art to distinguish between Religion and Theology, "pure religion and undefiled" being something more than the acknowledgment of doctrines and the observance of forms. It is because men did not distinguish between the Theology of middle age Art and its Religion that they rejected

it in the Reformation, and that the following years were so barren in artistic achievement. The really religious minds which alone were capable of those great works, mistaking the form for the substance, confusing the high reverence for the object revered, rejected all together. Before any effectual revival of Art can be possible, it is necessary to remove these stumbling blocks, and make it clear to the world that the religion of Art has nothing to do with forms, but that it embraces all things in its range, even redeeming error, and giving additional beauty to truth.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the German of Rodolph Benedikt.)

I.

THE IDEA.

IN an apartment belonging to the archbishop of Cologne, two men were standing about a table, which was covered with parchments and drawings. They were the archbishop himself, Conrad of Hochsteden, and his architect. The ecclesiastic attentively examined each of the plans and sketches, as the other placed them one by one before him; when at last having finished, he thrust them aside, and said,

"No, no, there is nothing among them. Thy plans do not please me. Some of them have already been too often tried; others are too simple, and the equal of a Grecian Temple, there is not among them. They are altogether too small, too mean, master! No; we would build a temple such as the world has never seen—one that shall attract more wonder than the pyramids of Egypt or the temples of the Grecian heroes—one, in which a God would like to dwell, so that it shall be worthy of his greatness and omnipotence. Take thy plans with thee. Set thyself to thinking; search and ponder, and work me out a plan, as I would have it."

Thoughtfully the master gathered up his parchments, when the archbishop continued,

"My predecessor, the holy Engelbert, had already determined to build a cathedral, that should surpass all other Temples of God on earth. From far and near should faithful Christians make their pilgrimage to Cologne, to a House of God, that shall be honored as the first in Christendom. Often did he unfold his ideas to me. They have now become my inheritance, and I must see them carried out. Bethink thyself what imperishable fame shall await thee, when thy master-work shall stand completed. Then shall thy name be engraven on a brazen tablet, which shall be set in the midst, to tell of thee to the architects of coming generations."

The master's eyes sparkled in happy delight, and in fullness of soul he cried,

"Most gracious father, so let it be. Already the great edifice comes up before

my mind's eye. I see the towers that touch the skies. I hear the strokes of their stupendous bells, which boom a summons afar to all the faithful to come and receive the blessing of the church. Then they shall come, thousands upon thousands, and there shall be still room enough. They shall listen to the rolling music of its gigantic organ, as it thunders forth the praises of the Almighty."

The archbishop listened with joy, till a sombre cloud seemed to pass over the master's countenance.

"Thy face rebukes the insincerity of thy words," said the ecclesiastic, "while doubt and despondency are painted on thy features."

The master gently replied,

"An inexhaustible treasury we must have to perfect our Temple worthily, and where is it to come from?"

"That is my care, thou of little faith," replied the archbishop, with confidence. "Rich am I myself, and willing to make myself poor for such an end. Rich is my capital, rich is Cologne, which shall not be niggardly in a work, which is to make it the first city of Christendom. And in all lands, as far as the cross is held in reverence, shall the call go forth, and the faithful contribute to this godly work. Believe me, there shall be many a purse opened, till there shall be no want of silver and gold."

The master's face lightened up, and glowed at these words, and he replied,

"You speak of honor and fame, my prince, yet years must pass ere the building is completed, and many years too—the life of man is too short. Shall I live to see the Temple in its completion?"

The bishop started and cried, "Thou art a vain, blinded man! Is not the work thy work, whoever may be the last to lay his hand on it? Art not thou to lay the foundation, raise the walls and shafts, and what hoots it, if another shall construct the roof upon thy plan, thy ideas. The plan, the Idea constitutes the fame, and not the final completion; and if thy plan is so extensive that one life-time is not enough to carry it to its perfection, then is it so much the more worthy of fame! Besides, thou art still young, and there is time for thee to accomplish much yet."

The master's eyes gleamed with the fire of his spirit, and he threw himself at the feet of the bishop, and cried,

"Thou art right. I was a blinded fool. Let it be so. I will begin the work. My life has found its goal. With God's help I go to the work. Give me thy blessing."

The archbishop raised his hands to bless him, when the door burst open and a knight hastily presented himself with new and happy tidings.

The prince bade him a hearty welcome. The master arose and went out. Such things took place in the year 1247.

II.

THE SEARCH.

A half year had passed since that conversation was held, when the master was sitting before his parchments, on which he had commenced a plan for the cathedral. His countenance was pale, his cheeks sunken, and his eyes languid, for he had passed many a watchful night in fruitless

thought. As he sat before his parchment with his pencil in his hand, the lines he drew seemed to refuse to form themselves into a satisfactory whole. He marked, and erased, and marked again, but the plan did not progress. When he would walk alone on the banks of the Rhine, he kept ceaselessly thinking upon a plan. Then he would imagine a light bursting in upon the chaos of his thoughts, all his lines would array themselves into a grand systematic whole, where was naught but confusion before, until the fame and the honor of his name would be blazoned out before him, dissipating his former thoughts, while giving him satisfaction in the view of future reputation, so that he at last would almost forget himself, the present, the beginning, and the plan of the building. Then in his iniquitude would he throw himself about at night in his bed, and seem to see in a half waking dream, the form of the gigantic Cathedral rising before him, and when he awoke, could he still have kept the vision before him, he might have had his plan already formed. But these dreams were always succeeded by the flitting of other phantoms, and when he arose, the distinctness of the impression had all departed. Again, he would see his grave in the midst of the Temple, his name written thereon in golden characters, and a crowd of suppliants standing about it, and he would hear them say, "Here rests the great master who built this Temple. Let us pray for his soul." So they would all kneel and pray for him, the immortal master. Then when he awoke, a sudden pain would dart through his breast, for he had discovered it was only a dream, and his work was as yet uncommenced.

Thus, for half a year he had been distracted in this way. The longer he thought, the more urgent became his desire to perfect his plan, and the more pointed came the messages from the archbishop, that if he did not soon commence the building, his ideas would become hopelessly irrecoverable. A nervous dread came over him, that he should never be able to accomplish his work; and his veins heaved in feverish pulsations. So he sat himself down before his parchment, doubting in himself, his art, and his power. His thoughts refused to be mastered into subservience, and a sorrowful gloom spread over the spirit of the young and able master.

The door now opened, and in came Master Rohlke, the silversmith, and behind him followed two companions, bearing the great brazen tablet, which the architect had sometime before ordered, while glowing in the first inspiration of the work and his ambition.

"Here is the tablet, master, as you ordered it," said the silversmith. "Your name is deeply engraven on it in heavy characters, and underneath it is written that you commenced the construction of the great cathedral in the year of our Lord, 1248." The master begged the silversmith to depart, for a glow of shame lay upon his countenance. When he found himself alone, and gazing on the tablet, hot tears started from his eyes, and he addressed himself in bitter scorn.

"Oh, thou great master! thou cunning master. Thou pluckest the fruit, before the

tree is planted. Thou makest a wedding, before thou hast a bride. Thou declarest peace, before a fight is won. Oh, thou prudent master, thou cunning master, thou art come to the end, before thou hast made a beginning! Oh, thou immortal master, thou canst not miss an eternal fame! The tablet with thy name is already there—the temple only is wanting." And he laughed loudly in his scorn and desperation, while tears of bitterness overflowed on his features.

He next heard the sound of footsteps in the vestibule, and an old servant of the archbishop came to him, and spake these words:

"My lord offers you his greetings, and invites you to come to him at Bonn. He has found a quarry on the Drachenfels, where a fine red stone can be had. You must examine it, and if it is suitable, the new cathedral shall be built of it. Moreover, the archbishop hopes that your plan is approaching ripeness."

The master stood with averted countenance, as he sought to conceal his flushed features, and replied gently, that he would do his lord's bidding. When the servant had gone, the master walked passionately up and down the apartment, and spake to himself thus: "It must be done, it must be done! Shame and mockery await me, if I prove myself too inefficient for a capable master. There will come another to build this minster, and I—mocked and laughed at—no, no, I must build it, must find its plan, let it cost me my soul's happiness!" The tablet fell ringing from the chair upon the floor. The master took his cap from the wall, and went forth.

III.

THE PLAN.

Among the mountains of the Siebengebirge, the Drachenfels rises up steep and high, affording a lovely prospect over the beautiful plain of the Rhine. It was a spring-day in the year 1248, when an earnest-looking man was slowly ascending the mountain, stopping now and then, and seeming lost in deep thought. He was the master, who was seeking the quarry, whence the stone was to be obtained for the great work. He felt that his search was in grim mockery of himself, for he had lost all hope of ever completing the great task before him. The archbishop becoming impatient at his delay, had been about to summon another builder to the work, when finally he had given the master a short increase of time to enable him to perfect his plans by an appointed day. The last day had come, and distraught and anguished, he had promised to lay the drawing before the prince on the morrow.

Already the site of the cathedral presented a scene of activity. The stone-cutters, the masons, and builders of every kind were collected together, and they had come from far and near. The wagons, the implements, the machines, that were necessary for the building, lay ready, and on the morrow the ground was to be broken.

Still the plan was not ready. The idea of the structure was indeed present in the master's mind, but it would not part itself from a vagueness, in which the outline, despite his thinking and seeking, was entirely lost. The foundation was to take

the form of a cross, two mighty towers were to arise at the portal—thus much was clear enough to his mind—but he sought in vain for all proportion and symmetry. He drew his lines, but they came not in the proper places; he erased them, or gave them a new direction, but to no avail. He knew it was wrong, but could not tell where. Immoderate ambition had done its work in clouding the clear sense of the master, and now came anguish, fear, shame, and despondency, and his work could not proceed. As it often happens that a word will hang upon the tongue, despite our endeavors to give it utterance, so the enormous shape of this temple flitted before the senses of the master, without his being able to seize upon its proportions. Thus was he wearily ascending the mountain, angry with himself. He reached the stone pit, and its rugged, precipitous, and bold face of rocks was presented to his view. Here buried in thought he stood, now knocking about with his staff some few loose stones, and now taking one in his hand, he still seemed engaged with other matters than testing the qualities of the stone. A low murmur startled him, and he looked up, and stood almost petrified with fright and wonder. On the face of the quarry before him lay the whole plan of the cathedral, sketched out in large, unwavering lines, exactly in accordance with his own unstable ideas. There were the two heaven-reaching towers, the precise counterpart of its dimensions, the veritable colossal work, that he had striven so in vain to develop. He seized his own arm to assure himself if he was awake or dreamed.

"No, it is no dream," he suddenly cried, "there it is, what has been often visioned to my spirit, but my bodily sight has never before beheld."

He stepped one pace nearer—it all vanished—he clambered upon the rock—he could discover no traces,—the bare stone looked coldly at him. He closed his eyes to see if the vision had left an impress upon his mind; in vain, 'twas all blank and formless—indefinite, without shape. The more he tortured his remembrance, the more desert it proved itself. He seemed to see two towers, but they lacked a foundation,—there arose two columns on high, but he could not find the vaulting they supported. Then came the entire vision again before him, but smaller than before. An almost uncontrollable impulse to flight seized him, and he hardly bore up against it. The picture grew smaller and smaller, it finally vanished entirely. He was in great doubt. Verily his master-work had been there before him, boldly and surpassingly drawn—the object of all his strivings—it was gone—faded—irrecoverable. His brain burned with a fever—his pulse beat in convulsions—he felt as if madness was coming upon him—he laughed aloud in wild self-scorn. The reverberating echo gave it back again, and he stood affrighted, looking about him. A journeying merchant was before him, greeting him heartily. The master turned his back upon him, but the stranger spoke to him, and said:

"Would you buy some curiosities, worthy sir? I have come from Italy, and have many with me. Look, for instance, at this parchment roll." The merchant held before him a drawing. It was the same that he had seen upon the rock.

"What is that?" cried the master, startled.

"The plan of a new cathedral in Cologne," replied the other.

Struck with horror, the master answered, "The plan is not yet made."

"I know," said the merchant, laughing, "but I have sketched it after the builder's thoughts."

The master grasped the hair of his forehead, and looked about him in bewilderment. Then sank the sun blood-red in the west, and the first shadowy gloom passed over the south.

"After his thoughts," stammered the distracted one, hardly audibly. "Can you conjure?"

"A little," replied the other. "I learned it in Egypt!"

"It is my plan, and made after my thoughts," said the master. "I will buy it. Name the price!"

"Not much," said the merchant, humbly. "Just write your name here."

The master took the offered parchment, and read. It was a compact with the devil.

He started three paces back, and cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

"As you will," said the grimacing merchant, and turned to leave him.

"Hold, give me the plan, it is mine, thou hast stolen my thoughts," shouted the other.

"That is true," calmly replied the fiend, "but you brought them to no issue. Know you, I have bewildered your brain with my vile trickery? My learned sir, your love of fame it is that has hurled you into this misery. *One must have pure thoughts to do a pure work.* You have not done it; therefore, can you not succeed without my help. Now, what will you?" and he unrolled the picture before the eyes of the master, and, going backwards slowly, he kept the parchment extended before him.

Grander than before the master thought it. Wildly his bosom heaved. To-morrow, and the scorn of the archbishop, the derision of the city—here is the grandest, unprecedented fulfillment of his wishes—death and life—dishonor and imperishable honor—an existence and a nothing. The temple had already gone on a step further, now the rock half concealed him—further, and he was gone from sight. Then cried the master,

"Hold! Stay! Give me the plan! I will sign the compact!"

(Conclusion in our next.)

IMAGINATION.—The effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he had contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous that our occasional excursions into the region of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities, from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and the poet, and to seize those "happy attitudes of things" which their taste at first selected; while enriched with the accumulation of ages, and with "the spoils of time," we unconsciously combine with what we see, all that we know, and all that we feel; and sublime the organical beauties of the material world, by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy.—*Dugald Stewart.*

ROMAN RENAISSANCE.

PRIDE OF STATE.

It was noticed in the second volume of "Modern Painters," p. 117, that the principle which had most power in retarding the modern school of portraiture, was its constant expression of individual vanity and pride. And the reader cannot fail to have observed that one of the readiest and commonest ways in which the painter ministers to this vanity, is by introducing the pedestal or shaft of a column, or some fragment, however simple, of Renaissance architecture, in the background of the portrait. And this is not merely because such architecture is bolder or grander than, in general, that of the apartments of a private house. No other architecture would produce the same effect in the same degree. The richest Gothic, the most massive Roman, would not produce the same sense of exaltation as the simple and meagre lines of the Renaissance.

And if we think over this matter a little, we shall soon feel that in those meagre lines there is indeed an expression of aristocracy in its worst characters; coldness, perfectness of training, incapability of emotion, want of sympathy with the weakness of lower men, blank, hopeless, haughty self-sufficiency. All these characters are written in the Renaissance architecture as plainly as if they were graven on it in words. For, observe, all other architectures have something in them that common men can enjoy; some concession to the simplicities of humanity, some daily bread for the hunger of the multitude. Quiet fancy, rich ornament, bright color, something that shows a sympathy with men of ordinary minds and hearts; and this wrought out at least in the Gothic, with a rudeness showing that the workman did not mind exposing his own ignorance if he could please others. But the Renaissance is exactly the contrary to all this. It is rigid, cold, inhuman; incapable of glowing, of stooping, of conceding for an instant. Whatever excellence it has, is refined, high-trained, and deeply erudite; a kind which the architect well knows no common mind can taste. He proclaims it to us aloud; "You cannot feel my color unless you study Vitruvius. I will give you no gay color, no pleasant sculpture, nothing to make you happy; for I am a learned man. All the pleasure you can have in anything I do, is in its proud breeding, its rigid formalism, its perfect finish, its cold tranquillity. I do not work for the vulgar, only for the men of the academy and the court."

And the instinct of the world felt this in a moment. In the new precision and accurate law of the classical forms, they perceived something peculiarly adapted to the setting forth of state in an appalling manner. Princes delighted in it, and courtiers. The Gothic was good for God's worship, but this was good for man's worship. The Gothic had fellowship with all hearts, and was universal, like nature; it could frame a temple for the prayer of nations, or shrink into the poor man's winding stair. But here was an architecture that would not shrink, that had in it no submission, no mercy. The proud princes and lords rejoiced in it. It was full of insult to the poor, in its every line.